

## **constellations** by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Fluff, Mileven, a bit cheesy but what can ya do, mike is def an astronomy nerd, they're like 15 in this

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

His voice is hopeful. "Would you... want to stargaze with me?"

"Yes," She replies, nodding eagerly.

## constellations

### Author's Note:

back at it again with some mileven... in my grief at the fact that we have to wait until october for the new season, i decided to write some more stuff with one of my otps (i love them so much my children)

also (it's about to get all nerdy up in here), i know some stuff about the constellations is wrong (like how the big dipper isn't actually one of the official constellations, it's an asterism because it's part of the constellation ursa major) and that some of these are probably not even visible from where they are BUT i'm gonna pay these facts little to no mind for now for the sake of the story

They're taking their usual walk in the woods. She tugs his large jacket tighter around her in an attempt to shield herself from the cool winds. Eleven remembers thinking that she was the stubborn one, until she'd been faced with Mike's unshakable insistence at her having his jacket. She still feels guilty when she sees Mike shoving his hands into the pocket of his jeans, but he assures her that he's fine, and not the one *trembling*.

After a brief but easy going conversation about school, and wondering if Dustin's elaborate plan to snatch pudding from the hoarding lunchlady would work, they lapse into a comfortable silence. He marvels at the ease he feels around her, and she revels in the warm, comforting feeling enveloping her as it always does when she's around him.

He breaks the silence as they reach the junkyard. "My dad is buying a telescope," At her questioning look, he continues. "It's this thing you look through, kinda like Lucas' binoculars, except you use it for the sky. Soon we're gonna be able to see the stars and stuff up closer than we do now."

Her eyes widen as she tries to fathom the idea of such a device. "See

the stars closer?"

"Yeah. But it'll be a little while before we can do that. For now we'll just have to stick to stargazing."

"Stargazing?"

He blinks, realizing that she's never done it before. "Lucas, Dustin, Will and I used to do it a lot during the summer," He closes his eyes, remembering the many times he and his friends would stare up at the night sky with childlike wonder. *I wish we still did.* "We used to just sit in my backyard on clear nights and look at the stars and stuff," An idea comes to him, and he hesitates, wondering at her possible response. When he speaks again, his voice is hopeful. "Would you... want to stargaze with me?"

"Yes." She replies, nodding eagerly.

-x-

"Why'd you stop?"

He frowns, confused. "Huh?"

"Stargazing. With Lucas and Dustin and Will."

He sighs and shrugs his shoulders, feeling the cool grass underneath his fingertips as he leans back. "I dunno. I guess... we grew out of it?" *They grew out of it, he thinks, remembering the countless nights he would continue stay up and stare at the night sky though his window.* "It'll be really cool once we have the telescope though."

"It's pretty," She turns away from him and looks back up at the sky, smiling. "I don't think I'd ever stop." He turns to look at her, and is immediately enraptured by the way the stars are reflected in her eyes and the moon tints her hair silver, making her locks look like delicate strands of gossamer.

He decides that if he has to choose, he'd rather gaze at her than at the night sky.

On their fifth stargazing night, he tells her about constellations. Her eyes widen, and he tries to not grin at her bewildered look, but he can't help it. A smile makes its way on his face. "Imagine lines connecting the stars to each other, making shapes in the sky," He says as she hangs onto his every word. "Like... the Big Dipper," He briefly looks for it in the sky, recalling the various astronomy books he would stay up for to read. "There!" When he finds it, he points at it, and she moves closer to him to see where he's pointing. He falters for a moment when he feels the warmth of her closeness, but composes himself quickly. "It kinda looks like a big spoon."

It takes her a moment to see it, but when she does she gasps. "The Big Dipper..." El stares at it for a while, entranced, before she turns back to him, eyes gleaming. "Are there any more?"

"Yeah! there's the Little Dipper, and..." His eyes search the sky once again, acutely aware of Eleven scooting closer. "There it is! Orion! that one's shaped like a man with a sword. See those three stars there, they're kinda like... in a row?"

She nods quickly, her voice mirroring his own excitement. "Yeah I see it! And I see the constellation now!"

"That's Orion's belt. Orion is actually a hunter in Greek mythology, you remember those books Nancy has about the gods and stuff? He was really good friends with Artemis, until her brother Apollo was..." He pauses, realizing he's rambling.

"Is something wrong?" She asks, and he frowns, running his fingers through his dark mop of hair.

"I... didn't want to bore you with any of that," His face flushes, and he smiles bashfully. "Once I start I go on and on..."

"But it wasn't boring. it was interesting," He raises his eyebrows in surprise and she continues. "Nothing you say is ever boring to me, Mike. *You're* not boring," He lowers his gaze shyly as she speaks, knowing that his face is only getting redder. "I like hearing you talk. You're really smart."

Mike remembers the nights in which the moon and stars were his only companions. When he would wish that he had someone there with him, so that he could talk about the night sky. "Thank you for coming out here with me, El. I... really appreciate it."

She doesn't reply to that, but Mike sees her lips form a small smile. "Tell me more about Orion."

He laughs, nudging her playfully. "Alright then, but don't say I didn't warn you. So where was I...? Oh yeah, Orion was really good friends with Artemis, the goddess of the hunt..."

-X-

"This sucks," he says, laying on his back as he looks up at the sky, which is currently covered by dense fog and various clouds, the light of the moon only faintly visible. "I hope this doesn't happen when we get the telescope tomorrow."

Eleven smiles, "It's okay," She closes her eyes, feeling the cool breeze make her short brown locks fly wildly. "Yesterday was nice."

"But it was raining," Mike frowns. "...and we had to look at them from inside my room through my window, which isn't really the best view."

"Still fun," She insists, and he raises an eyebrow, confused. "It's fun when we're together."

His face feels oddly warm. "...yeah, you're right," He sighs, a part of him admiring her insistence to always look at the brighter side of things. "Though we'd better head back inside, no point in staying out now." He starts to get up, but Eleven puts a gentle hand on his arm, stopping him.

"Can we stay outside for a bit more?" When she looks at him with her wide brown eyes, he relents and sits back down. He's never able to say no to her when she looks at him like that.

She closes her eyes, listening to the various sounds of the night. Mike sits beside her, looking up at the dark, cloudy sky, and glancing at her briefly from time to time. "This is..." She turns so that she's facing

him, and Mike does the same. Eleven seems to be searching for the right word, her eyes pensive. "...peaceful." She says, and a cool breeze makes her scoot closer, seeking warmth. "Even if we can't see the stars, I like spending time with you." The fondness in her eyes makes him feel the warm glow of happiness within him.

Despite his nerves, the rapid beating of his heart, and his mind screaming at him to not say anything, he whispers a quiet, "...me too."

She reaches over to tuck a strand of his hair behind his ear. Eleven's hand lingers, as if she was reluctant to pull away. Her cheeks feel warm as Mike instinctively leans into her touch, putting his own hand over hers. She caresses his cheek and gazes at the various brown markings all over his skin. Mike stares at her, eyes warm and smile bright. El delicately begins to trace lines connecting each freckle to the other to make shapes. She looks into his eyes and mirrors his smile, feeling happiness and bliss and *love* inside her all at once, all for the boy in front of her. Then she starts to trace constellations. The ones she remembers Mike teaching her about the night before. The Big Dipper, the Little Dipper, Orion.

She doesn't care about the fog or the clouds anymore, because he was her very own sky full of stars.